

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 721.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 21, 1868.

VOL. XXVIII. No. 18.

## The Voice, the Ear and Music.\*

(Continued from page 338).

### I.

#### ANALYSIS OF SOUND.

Professor Helmholtz has sought the explanation of the *timbre* or quality of sounds in a phenomenon which had long been known, but which no one, before him, had sufficiently fathomed. Suppose a vibrating string, of a piano for example, tuned to a certain note; and let us call this the *fundamental sound*. Now listen closely (any one can easily make the experiment) to the sound given out by the string while it is in full vibration: with a little attention you will soon hear two or three notes much higher, much feebler, which seem like distant echoes of the fundamental note. It seems as if the vibration of the visible string caused invisible strings to vibrate sympathetically: of these invisible strings, the first, as if it were smaller by one half, vibrates twice as fast; the second, three times smaller, vibrates three times as fast; another, four times smaller, four times as fast, and so on. To the principal voice respond distant voices, fainter and fainter, higher and higher in pitch. By exercising the ear well, one comes to hear always above each simple note this choir of *harmonic notes*; such is the name given by the physicist to these sounds, which correspond to numbers of vibrations two, three, four times greater than that of the fundamental sound.

Yet these invisible strings, as we have learned, are but a pure hypothesis; in reality it is the material vibrating string subdividing itself, spontaneously, freely, into two, three, four, five parts, after having produced the fundamental sound under the first impulse which has set it vibrating in its whole length. The parts, continuing to vibrate like distinct strings, gives the series of harmonic sounds.\* All these vibrations are superposed one upon another without contradicting each other at all: to make it comprehended, there is no need of citing the beautiful theorem of Fourier on what the geometricians call the superposition of little movements: we have only to think of a buoy floating on the water; with docility it mounts, subsides, inclines, lifts itself at the will of every wave, of every wind; in the same way the minute molecule obeys at the same time several undulations, some slow, others rapid; the total movement which results from it may represent an indefinite sum of distinct movements.

\* "La Voix, L'Oreille et la Musique" Par AUGUSTE LAUGÉ. Paris, 1867.

\* The series of *harmonics* comprises the octave above, the fifth of that octave, (the two parasitical notes which ears but little practiced hear most easily), then the double octave, the major third and the fifth of the double octave. After these six notes a dissonant note offers itself, which springs from the spontaneous division of the string into seven parts: when this note makes itself heard too, it gives a somewhat harsh sound. Of the three notes which follow, in ascending series, two only fall within the scale of consonances. It is not necessary to pursue this series farther, which, in theory alone, has no limits; for, as these harmonic notes ascend more and more above the tonic, they rapidly lose in intensity.

The phenomenon which I have just described is only a particular case of a general phenomenon. Every body becomes, while it resounds, the centre of several independent systems of sonorous waves, to each of which corresponds a note. Still it would be a great error to suppose that the higher tones (*over-tones*) which add themselves to the fundamental note always form with it a choir agreeable to the ear. Nature does not trouble herself about our sensibility: all her sounds in reality are discords. The parasitical notes which form the complement of a sound have been called *harmonics*, because they have been observed first in the case of vibrating strings; and even in this case the name is almost improper: the first harmonics, it is true, fill the places of the perfect chord (keynote, third and fifth); but the seventh and the ninth note above no longer belong to the musical consonances which our hearing instrument affects. Most sonorous bodies make us hear, besides the fundamental sound, certain parasitical notes absolutely discordant and not entitled to the name of harmonics.

It is none the less true that we should consider every sound in general as accompanied by a cortège, a choir of upper notes, more or less faint and obscure. The ear receives a total impression, in which the effect of the tonic necessarily predominates. It decomposes, it is true, the complex vibration which it perceives into its simple components, each of which corresponds to a particular note; but the impression of the sound remains one in spite of this analysis; for, so soon as the clavier or keyboard of the auditory apparatus has received all these vibrations, which are produced and involved in one and the same undulatory movement, the synthesis is re-made in the nervous centre in which the acoustic nerve terminates, and the multiplex impressions are blended in one sole sensation.

The ear, in spite of its sensibility, or rather in the very ratio of that sensibility, is not the apparatus best adapted to the systematic analysis of sounds; it cannot detect with certainty, nor classify all the component notes in a complex sound. Rarely can physical science trust to the direct observation of the senses; it has to find some apparatus whereby the phenomena may be simplified, so that the elements which constitute them may be studied one by one.

If the physicist wishes to effect the decomposition of all sounds at will, he must have at his command an apparatus which fulfils two essential conditions. His instrument must let him hear a simple note, and it must not allow him to hear any of the notes which envelop it or dominate it in the compound sound. This delicate problem Helmholtz has solved, and in this manner:

All sounds, he says, are not equally rich in elementary notes. If vibrating strings are extraordinarily fruitful in harmonics, most bodies render much less complex sounds. To this number belong stretched membranes, metallic rods, tuning forks. Their acoustic poverty can be still aug-

mented by putting them in communication with a hollow box, whose own proper resonance swells out a single note at the expense of the others.

Everybody knows that the fundamental sound of a diapason (tuning fork) is swelled and the discordant notes smothered by placing it on a sonorous chest of suitable dimensions. In these conditions, only one elementary note, of the diapason, disengaged from every parasitic note is audible. A membrane stretched over a drum acts in the same manner. The resonance of the drum having the effect to swell one note and smother the others, an apparatus of that sort may enable us to detect, by the echo that it yields, the meagre and always simple note which it produces of itself; it will begin to be strongly agitated the moment that the air brings to it the movement that belongs to it; for nothing is more contagious and more sympathetic than sonorous tremor. That in these circumstances a membrane or a tuning fork vibrates spontaneously, is a fact of almost vulgar experience. Apply the bow to a string, and the flux of air will soon draw as it were a sigh from a neighbor string attuned in unison. Raise the hammers of a piano-forte and sing a note with force, the piano will respond. Singers, they say, have broken glasses by holding out with force for a long time the note which answers to their natural vibration. Two tuning forks mounted upon sounding boards are in accord: I set one in motion, the other will move; but if I let but a drop of oil or wax fall upon one of them, the molecular harmony will be broken, the echo will not respond. A membrane stretched over a sounding box or drum, then, will betray, in the midst of an exterior cacophony, the only note that responds to its own proper vibration; it will be like a man who, deaf to all other noises, has an ear for one alone.

Helmholtz has availed himself of the properties of membranes in making of them true *analyzers of sounds*. Cut a bottle horizontally at about the middle of its height, take the top part which has been cut off, stretch a skin over its largest opening, and you will have the singular acoustic apparatus which Helmholtz calls a *resonator*. The air penetrates the bottle by the neck; but, whatever noise may traverse it, the membrane will not tremble unless there mingle with the noise an undulation which can harmonize with its natural vibration: one note, always the same, will set it in motion; all others, whatever their intensity, will leave it motionless.

This coarse *resonator*, however, is not the one which Helmholtz has employed in his experiments: for a membrane he takes the tympanum of the ear itself, and he applies there hollow globes of glass or copper, which serve for the sonorous bottle or resonator. These globes, of variable size, all have a pierced point, like the queue of a pear, which penetrates into the ear; on the opposite end of the pear a circular orifice is opened for the entrance of the air.

The membrane of the tympanum closes the delicate point of the resonator when it is applied

to the ear: now, each of these great hollow pears possesses its own fundamental note, according to the dimensions of the ball and to the size of the aperture. When you introduce the point of one of these pears into one ear, taking care to stop the other, you are condemned to hear one single note alone: each new resonator is like a new ear constructed only for one sound. In the midst of the loudest concert, all other notes seem smothered, while the note of the resonator leaps out with force each time that it recurs in the harmony; what is more, one can seek for it and find it in the vaguest and most indistinct of noises, in the whistling of the wind, in the tumult of a crowd, in the murmur and the babble of the running waters. The resonator is a veritable reactive, which always detects the sound that properly belongs to it; and so it allows those physicists, whose ears are the least sensitive to fine musical shades, to make a multitude of experiments which formerly were interdicted to them; it puts the most delicate acoustics within reach of the hardest ears. Such is the sensibility of the instrument, that it not only begins to vibrate when a neighboring body sings its fundamental note: it is set in vibration also by a deeper sound accompanied by a *harmonic* with which its own note can accord. This ingenious instrument lends itself, then, admirably to the study of the harmonic notes; faint as they may be, it finds them, draws them out from the sonorous medium in which they are drowned.

With a series of these *resonators*, differently tuned, Helmholtz succeeded in analyzing all sounds, just as light is decomposed by mechanical means, prisms of glass for instance. He has divided sounds by opposing to them resonators differing in form and size. The sounds of most musical instruments are composed of partial notes of various intensity; these component notes are blended in the ordinary sensation, which spontaneously forms their synthesis; but one can isolate them, can pick them out in a manner by using these artificial ears adapted each to only one vibration.

(To be continued).

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Music as a Part of Education.

Long before King Daniel soothed the irritability of Saul with his harp, or Miriam sang to her timbrel, the power of music was acknowledged. Indeed, as this faculty seems inherent in human nature, it must have been coeval with man. No nation has existed that has not delighted in sound. The savage tribes of Africa and the Asiatic hordes, who make night hideous with their barbaric instruments, take great enjoyment in their discords. It is music to them and a prolific sense of happiness.

It is a remarkable fact that Greece, the cradle of the arts, produced nothing that was really valuable in music, although, such as it was, it gave pleasure, was an accomplishment very much in fashion, and served as an accompaniment to give greater effect to the meaning of their poets. In the kindred art of dancing there was very great variety, but "Music, heavenly maid, was young," too young to be interesting.

Some progress had been made in the art before the age of Alexander.

Terpander, the father of Greek music, who lived three hundred years prior to this era, increased the compass and power of the lyre by the addition of three strings.

The much vexed question of the merits of Greek

music, one upon which so many critics have brought all their learning to bear with no satisfactory results, will we suppose never be answered. Dr. Burney, one of the best modern authorities, writes: "All I can say is, that no pains have been spared to place the Greek melodies in the most favorable point of view; but, with all the light that can be thrown on them, they have a rude and inelegant appearance." To a modern ear the Greek airs are tame and monotonous, and as harmony was not understood, the effect is bald and bare. The other fine arts attained a wonderful perfection, but no Apelles, Phidias or Ictinus was found to develop music.

After counterpoint was invented, she laid aside her swaddling clothes and grew into maturity, but did not develop into a goddess until fostered by Bach, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven and Mozart. Opera had no being until the sixteenth century, when Ferdinand I., Grand Duke of Tuscany, with the aid of some gentlemen of his court, warmed into life and cherished in its infancy this product of the refinement of ages. Instrumentation, of which we have such solid examples in the works of Beethoven and such brilliant ones in those of Rossini, has now reached a climax of excellence.

Although our proficiency in the arts does not warrant us in making a comparison with their condition in Greece, there is a slight similarity in the inferiority of our music until lately with our sculpture and painting. Thirty years since, American sculptors took the lead in Europe, and our painters were on a par with the continental artists. Allston indeed surpassing all his contemporaries. Music then was in a youthful condition. A friend who is a composer, having lived for many years in Italy, on his return not long since found himself at the representation of Mendelssohn's Oratorio of "St. Paul;" he was entirely surprised at the improvement in the power of rendering music and the public appreciation of fine compositions.

I think the public are not sufficiently aware that we have been living for the last thirty years in a great musical revolution. Before that time there were sometimes opportunities of hearing celebrated players and singers, and at rare intervals the opera visited us. Oratorios also were now and then performed. Through the zeal of a few public spirited gentlemen, the symphonies of Beethoven found utterance in America. Church music was, generally speaking, in an inferior condition. Even in our large cities the only dependence often was on amateur performers, and in our towns and villages, the violoncello, violin and flute (those unecclesiastical looking instruments) were to be seen in the choir. Now, all this is changed. No longer a leader stands in a conspicuous situation, waving his hand and sometimes having recourse to a pitch pipe for the note, the shrill sound of which was a signal for indecorous laughter. Great attention is paid to sacred music, and our trained organists and choirs improve the public taste and render the services very attractive.

The introduction of music into our public schools is most important, as its influences are humanizing and refining. Let any one go into a school and watch the children when they begin to sing, and he will appreciate what a rest and recreation have been afforded them. The scholars, weary of their books, shut them and join with all their hearts in the song. The power of making a noise is dearly prized by children, and a harmonized noise they enjoy. On the forte passages, where they can give full play to their lungs, their enjoyment dimples their cheeks and brightens their eyes, weariness disappears and after this renovating process the return to study is not unwelcome. The interval has given repose to their brains and made the hard task of keeping still, easier. How much more attractive music makes the home of the poor, and what a pleasure it is to hear young voices singing in the street! Even, now as I

write the singing of part music by two young servant girls, brought up in an asylum, reaches me, showing great correctness in time and tune. There was nothing of this formerly.

Another very pleasant feature in our musical progress is the training of voices for the chorus singing in oratorios. This privilege now is widely granted, and many of our respectable mechanics, shop girls and trades people, when their daily work is over, can not only listen to masterpieces of the best composers, but can take part in giving effect to them. If we reflect upon the time which must be spent in neighborly meetings for practising and regular rehearsals, we shall see that many evenings are redeemed from idleness and dissipation by this comparatively new source of enjoyment.

Conservatories of Music have lately sprung up and serve to spread still more widely the knowledge of music. From these Conservatories go forth teachers to all parts of the Union.

We still have much to learn. There is an antagonism between the light and severe schools of music, which is hurtful and unnecessary. The Puritan wishes nothing but strictly classical music, while the Cavalier rejoices only in emotional melodies. Some are in favor of German music exclusively, while others worship at the shrine of Italian opera. It is the part of education to give a taste for all that is good in different styles. As well might one in going into a gallery of pictures refuse to enjoy the works of Titian because they preferred the severer designs of Michel Angelo, or deny any merit in the Dutch school because they had an exclusive admiration for Raphael's Madonnas. If German music has more of the head in it, Italian has more of the heart [?]. One who really understands music in a wide sense must find excellence in both. All nationalities have their musical characteristics, which are as distinct as their languages. The melancholy Russian airs, the spirited Hungarian, and weird Polish melodies, gay French songs and stately Spanish measures, when good of their kind, give pleasure to the cultivated ear.

Some musical critics find discouragement in the fact that the mass of the people prefer frivolous music. Offenbach's effeminate melodies delight them. The tendency no doubt at present is to the sensuous. This is only for a season. We have really made so much progress that standing still for a time and even retrograding will not materially injure us.

So long as we have music in schools (even should we be flooded with new compilations of old music, bits stolen from Mozart, Haydn, &c., vamped up with new names and fitted to words which they suit as ill as kingly robes do a beggar), we shall improve.

We may have too many Conservatories and some of them may be purely money making affairs, still good will be educed from them.

One-sided Germanism may prevail, but the seeds of harmony are sown broadcast, and we are reaping and shall continue to reap in abundance a musical harvest which will afford food for our imaginations, serving to neutralize the effects of too great devotion to business and the engrossing cares of every-day life.

We live in a remarkable century. Steam and electricity have become the slaves of men. Stereotyping has increased the number of our books and newspapers. Ether soothes pain and tranquilizes suffering, while our material comforts increase yearly. The making music a part of education may be considered its crowning glory.

Cambridgeport, Mass.

[From the Nation.]

### Mr. Emerson's New Course of Lectures.

Boston, November 4th, 1868.

The readers of the *Nation*, who are interested in all good things, will perhaps like to hear a word of Mr. Emerson's new course of lectures now going on in



Boston. The announcement that such a pleasure is coming, to people as old as I am, is something like those forebodings of spring that prepare us every year for a familiar novelty, none the less novel, when it arrives, because it is familiar. We know perfectly well what we are to expect from Mr. Emerson, and yet what he says always penetrates and stirs us, as is apt to be the case with genius, in a very unlooked-for fashion. Perhaps genius is one of the few things which we gladly allow to repeat itself—one of the few that accumulate rather than weaken the force of their impression by iteration? Perhaps some of us hear more than the mere words, are moved by something deeper than the thoughts? If it be so, we are quite right, for it is thirty years and more of "plain living and high thinking" that speak to us in this altogether unique lay preacher. We have shared in the beneficence of this varied culture, this fearless impartiality in criticism and speculation, this masculine sincerity, this sweetness of nature which rather stimulates than cloy, for a generation long. At sixty-five (or two years beyond his grand climactic, as he would prefer to call it) he has that privilege of soul which abolishes the calendar, and presents him to us always the unwasted contemporary of his prime. I do not know if he seem old to his younger hearers, but we who have known him so long wonder at the tenacity with which he maintains himself, even in the outposts of youth. I suppose it is not the Emerson of 1838 to whom we listen. For us the whole life of the man is distilled in the clear drop of every sentence, and behind each word we divine the force of a noble character, the weight of a large capital of thinking and being. We do not go to hear what Emerson says so much as to hear Emerson. Not that we perceive any falling off in anything that was ever essential to the charm of Mr. Emerson's peculiar style of thought or phrase. The first lecture, to be sure, was more disjointed even than common. It was as if, after vainly trying to get his paragraphs into sequence and order, he had at last tried the desperate expedient of *shuffling* them. It was chaos come again, but it was a chaos full of shooting stars, a jumble of creative forces. The second lecture, on "Criticism and Poetry," was quite up to the level of old times, full of that power of strangely subtle association whose indirect approaches startle the mind into almost painful attention, of those flashes of mutual understanding between speaker and hearer that are gone ere one can say it lightens. The vice of Emerson's criticism seems to be, that while no man is so sensitive to what is poetical, few men are less sensible than he of what makes a poem. Of the third lecture (and I have heard but three) I shall say something by-and-by.

To be young is surely the best, if the most precarious, gift of life; yet there are some of us who would hardly consent to be young again, if it were at the cost of our recollection of Mr. Emerson's first lectures during the consulate of Tyler. We used to walk in from the country to the Masonic Temple (I think it was), through the crisp winter night, and listen to that thrilling voice of his so charged with subtle meaning and subtle music, as shipwrecked men on a raft to the hail of a ship that came with unhoping for food and rescue. Cynics might say what they liked. Did our own imaginations transfigure dry remainder-biscuit into ambrosia? At any rate, he brought us *life*, which, on the whole, is no bad thing. Was it all transcendentalism? magic-lantern-pictures, on mist? As you will. Those, then, were just what we wanted. But it was not so. The delight and the benefit were that he put us in communication with a larger style of thought, glimpses of an ideal under the dry husk of our New England, made us conscious of the supreme and everlasting originality of whatever bit of soul might be in any of us; freed us, in short, from the stocks of prose in which we had sat so long that we had grown well nigh contented in our cramps. And who that saw the audience will ever forget it, where every one still capable of fire, or longing to renew in them the half-forgotten sense of it, was gathered? Those faces, young and old, a gleam with pale intellectual light, eager with pleased attention, flash upon me once more from the deep recesses of the years with an exquisite pathos. I hear again that rattle of sensation, as they turned to exchange glances over some pithier thought, some keener flash of that humor which always played about the horizon of his mind like heat-lightning, and it seems now like the sad stir of the autumn leaves that are whirling around me. To some of us the long-past experience remains as the most marvellous and fruitful we have ever had. Emerson awakened us, saved us from the body of this death. It is the sound of the trumpet that the young soul longs for, careless what breath may fill it. Sidney heard it in the ballad of "Chevy Chase," and we in Emerson. Nor did it blow retreat, but called to us with the assurance of victory. Did they say he

was disconnected? So were the stars, that seemed larger to our eyes, still keen with that excitement, as we walked homeward with prouder stride over the creaking snow. And were they not knit together by a higher logic than our mere sense could master? Were we enthusiasts? I hope and believe we were, and am thankful to the man who made us worth something for once in our lives. If asked what was left? what we carried home? we should not have been careful for an answer. It would have been enough if we had said that something beautiful had passed that way. Or we might have asked in return what one brought away from a symphony of Beethoven? Enough that he had set that ferment of wholesome discontent at work in us. There is one, at least, of those old hearers, so many of whom are now in the fruition of that intellectual beauty of which Emerson gave them both the desire and the foretaste, who will always love to repeat—

"Che in la mente m'è fitta, ed or m'accuora  
La cara e buona immagine paterna  
Di voi, quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora  
M'insegnavate come l'uom s'eterna."

I am unconsciously thinking as I write of the third lecture of the present course, in which Mr. Emerson gave some delightful reminiscences of the intellectual influences in whose movement he has shared. It was like hearing Goethe read some passages of the "Wahrheit aus seinem Leben." Not that there was not a little *Dichtung*, too, here and there, as the lecturer built up so lofty a pedestal under certain figures as to lift them into a prominence of obscurity, and seem to mastehead them there. Everybody was asking his neighbor who this or that recondite great man was, in the faint hope that somebody might once have heard of him. There are those who call Mr. Emerson cold. Let them revise their judgment in presence of this loyalty of his that can keep warm for half a century, that never forgets a friendship, or fails to pay even a fancied obligation to the uttermost farthing. This substantiation of shadows was but incidental, and pleasantly characteristic of the man to those who know and love him. The greater part of the lecture was devoted to reminiscences of things substantial in themselves. He spoke of Everett, fresh from Greece and Germany; of Channing; of the translations of Margaret Fuller, Ripley, and Dwight; of the *Dial* and Brook Farm. To what he said of the latter an undertone of good humored irony gave special zest. But what every one of his hearers felt was that the protagonist in the drama was left out. The lecturer was no *Aeneas* to babble the *quorum magna pars fui*, and, as one of his listeners, I cannot help wishing to say how each of them was commenting the story as it went along, and filling up the necessary gaps in it from his own private store of memories. His younger hearers could not know how much they owed to the benign impersonality, the quiet scorn of everything ignoble, the never-sated hunger of self-culture, that were personified in the man before them. But the older knew how much the country's intellectual emancipation was due to the stimulus of his teaching and example, how constantly he had kept burning the beacon of an ideal life above our lower region of turmoil. To him more than to all other causes together did the young martyrs of our civil war owe the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives. Those who are grateful to Mr. Emerson, as many of us are, for what they feel to be most valuable to their culture, or perhaps I should say their impulse, are grateful not so much for any direct teachings of his as for that inspiring lift which only genius can give, and without which all doctrine is chaff.

This was something like the *carot* which some of us older boys wished to fill up on the margin of the master's lecture. Few men have been so much to so many, and through so large a range of aptitudes and temperaments, and this simply because all of us value manhood beyond any or all other qualities of character. We may suspect in him, here and there, acertain thinness and vagueness of quality, but let the waters go over him as they list, this masculine fibre of his will keep its lively color and its toughness of texture. I can never help applying to him what Ben Jonson said of Bacon: "There happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke." Those who heard him while their natures were yet plastic, and their mental nerves trembled under the slightest breath of divine air, will never cease to feel and say—

"Was never eye did see that face,  
Was never ear did hear that tongue,

Was never mind did mind his grace,  
That ever thought the travail long;  
But eyes and ears, and every thought,  
Were with his sweet perfections caught."

J. R. L.

## Musical Correspondence.

PARIS, OCT. 21.—The musical season, it may be said, began last Sunday with the first of a series of eight classical concerts, which will be given, one each week, at the Cirque Napoléon. The name of M. Pasdeloup appears in the prospectus only as director of the Orchestra, but it is well known that for these concerts we are indebted chiefly to his good taste and unabated hostility to the prevailing Offenbach-analman mania.

If the programme on this occasion is a foretaste of what we may expect in future, we have indeed much good music to come. Voici:

Overture de Ruy Blas..... Mendelssohn.  
Symphonie en la..... Beethoven.  
Andante cantabile et menuet..... Haydn.  
Fragments des "Maîtres Chanteurs." (Ire Audition).  
R. Wagner.  
Entr'acte du 3d Acte. Valse. Entrée des Maîtres  
Chanteurs (marche).  
R. Wagner.

The distinctive feature of the day was, of course, the Symphony in A, the noblest of the nine, and, perhaps, the greatest ever composed. After no number of hearings can one be said to have exhausted the interest of this great work, or to have fathomed its depths. It is difficult to admire one part of it more than another, but perhaps precedence should be given to the Andante, in which a succession of chords and harmonies, almost unearthly in their grandeur, is unrolled through measure after measure, augmenting in solemn beauty to the close.

This sublime chant, conveying no sense of insignificant personal grief, seems rather to lament the downfall of a nation. No wonder that there are those like Mendelssohn who could not hear it without weeping.

Afterwards, to relieve this shade of sadness, what could have been better than the *Andante cantabile* of Haydn, whose music no one can help loving? This fresh and dainty little pastoral was executed in masterly style, and so perfectly was the audience in sympathy with the players, that, at every rest, there ran throughout the vast throng of hearers that suppressed murmur which in a crowd is the highest testimony of delight, and with the close of the first part came an encore which was not to be denied. The second part too is hardly less charming, where the 'celli come in with their quaint little minuet, continued just long enough to excite the curiosity of the hearer. It is as if one were permitted to witness some rustic merry-making—some happy scene of innocent pleasure in which he longs to take part.

The *Ruy Blas* Overture, or as Mendelssohn jestingly called it, "the Overture to the Theatrical Pension fund," is interesting both on account of its merits and for its somewhat curious history.

With all due respect to the composer of the Overture to "Tannhäuser" and the prelude to "Lohengrin," I may safely say that it has never been my misfortune to hear anything more chaotic and utterly devoid of sense than the fragments from the "Maîtres Chanteurs," which were here publicly performed for the first time. It is not always wise to criticize a piece at the first hearing, but I cannot believe that any one having once listened to this "music" would ever be so rash as to venture upon a second Audition. To describe it is impossible; I can only say that the characteristic features of the Liszt and Wagner school are here exaggerated seemingly to the last degree. The *Valse*, it is true, begins in a manner quite musician-like and spirited; but after the first two measures the *motif* vanishes into thin air, and the remainder is all sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. If such is to be the music of the future, then the future will witness a decline in art such as has not occurred since the deluge.

At the conclusion of the performances M. Pasdeloup was unanimously recalled; an ovation was due him for the manner in which the Symphony and Haydn's Minuet was executed.

At his theatre he intends subjecting us to a course of Gluck, Spontini, Mozart, Cimarosa, &c., &c., of which I will write at a future date. At the Opera, *L'Africaine* and *Hamlet* are the attractions. At the Theatre Italien we have Mme. Adelina Patti (as people will call her) and the young debutante Signorina Ricci.

A. A. C.

OCT. 26.—The concert of the Cirque Napoleon yesterday (the second of the popular series) was hardly less interesting than that of last week. The selections were as follows.

*Struensee*, tragédie de Michael Berr, musique de Meyerbeer.

Ouverture.  
L'Auberge du Village.  
Le Réve de Struensee.  
Marche funèbre.  
La Bénédiction.—Dernier moment.  
Fragment de la Symphonie Wattenstein (1<sup>re</sup> audition).  
M. Jos. Rheinberger.

Scherzo.  
Le Camp.—Chanson des Orangistes du temps de la Réformation.—Sermon du capucin.  
Symphonie en sol mineur.  
Allegro.—Andante.—Mozart.  
Entr'acte des Maîtres Chanteurs (Méditation).—R. Wagner.  
Fragments du septuor.  
Thème et Variations.—Scherzo.—Final.  
Exécutés par MM. Griess (clarinette), Espégnat (basson), Mohr (cor), et tous les instruments à cordes.

It will be remembered that Meyerbeer's *Struensee* music, (or a part of it) was performed at our Musical Festival at New York last May. However much one may feel inclined to dispute Meyerbeer's claim to the name of a great genius, no one I am sure will deny that this Overture, Réve, Marche, Chorus, Polonaise, &c., are full of beauty and interest. The vocal part was not given on this occasion.

Very different from the great Beethoven Symphony in A is that of Mozart in G minor, and yet, great as is the former, the latter suffers from the comparison no more than a quiet Lancashire landscape would suffer from being compared with one of our own White Mountain scenes.

The Scherzo, &c., from Rheinberger's "*Wattenstein*" merit another hearing.

The "Meditation" from "des Maîtres Chanteurs" served to confirm, rather than to modify, the opinion based upon a hearing of the *Vorspiel* in New York, and of the (literal) "fragments," given at M. Pasdeloup's first concert, an opinion which I have already expressed. From this *tintamarre* what a refreshing change to the Beethoven Septuor, in which a theme of the briefest and simplest description is repeated so many times without growing wearisome. Just as certain little words may be said time after time, and in a thousand different ways, without losing their charm.

At the conclusion of the concert M. Pasdeloup was recalled to the platform and received a hearty round of applause.

A. A. C.

Nov. 2.—Already the concerts at the Cirque Napoleon are become an institution, and the dense throng filling the circus from floor to ceiling, the familiar faces of the Orchestra and the cheerful figure of M. Pasdeloup with his *archet* for a baton (which he knows how to use so well that it is a real pleasure to see him recalled to the platform, as he invariably is at the close of each performance), are things to be looked forward to from week to week. Among the hearers, too, one becomes accustomed to seeing day by day the same faces, and there is a grateful sense of companionship in this. And how pleased and attentive the hearers are! Long before the premonitory rap of the baton there is a silence so profound that one might hear the folding of a lady's pocket-handkerchief, nor is that rasping abomination known as a whisper tolerated.

The selections for the third concert were as follows:

Ouverture de Lorelei.....V. Wallace.  
Suite d'orchestre, op. 101, 1<sup>re</sup> audition.....Jochim Raff.  
Allegretto un poco agitato.....Mendelssohn.  
Hymne.....Haydn.  
Par tous les instruments à cordes.  
Symphonie en ut mineur.....Beethoven.

In listening to the *Lorelei* overture one thinks of the sad life of the composer, of his fruitless journey to Paris, and of his death in poverty and obscurity.

The new Suite by Raff is a noble work, for which one hearing is by no means sufficient; it was applauded, but not as enthusiastically as it should have been. Perhaps they were impatient for the Allegretto of Mendelssohn, which was encored with so much warmth that it had to be repeated, entire, despite the length of the programme.

The idea of executing morceaux of chamber music by a full orchestra, massing the tones as the flowers are massed in the garden at Kew, is said to have originated with Habeneck, the founder of the society "des concerts du Conservatoire." In this case the selection was a happy one, and the Hymn of Haydn sounded well, but I think that in most instances a quartet or quintet will sound best when executed according to the intention of the composer.

The Symphony of Beethoven was well rendered. A short time since I heard this Symphony in England, but under very different circumstances: there the orchestra was weary and dispirited, and, with this, added to the chilling influence of a provincial audience (worse, if possible, in England than in America), I could hardly recognize its usual grandeur. But now how grandly it sounded,—from the Allegro, which Berlioz has compared to the sufferings of a great soul which has become a prey to despair,—through the profound sadness of the Adagio, to the Triumphant march in the finale, when the soul of the poet-musician seems to cast off the chain "wherewith we are darkly bound" and to ascend to the heavens.

A. A. C.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—In my last letter I promised to give—in the next—further particulars with regard to the winter campaign of our Philharmonic Society. Ole Bull, Camilla Urso, S. B. Mills, Richard Hoffman, Mme. La Grange, Mme. Parepa will be among the soloists, while the Symphonies to be played will be Beethoven's 1st and 3d (Eroica), Schumann's 4th, Mendelssohn's 5th (Reformation), one by Haydn, and two movements from one of Schubert's posthumous and unfinished works. The only novelties will be Liszt's "Symphonic poem" called "On the Mountain," two Overtures, one to Hamlet by Gade, and the other to Semiramis by Catell, and lastly Hiller's 2nd Piano forte Concerto in A.

The N. Y. Citizen has an erudite musical editor. In a recent issue of that journal I find the following paragraph having reference to Theo. Thomas and his concerts at Central Park Garden: "Mr. Thomas has given us a 'Handel night' and a 'Liszt night,' why will he not give us a 'Chopin night'?" The writer would scarcely have stultified himself in this way if he had been aware of the fact that (with the exception of the concertos, &c.) Chopin wrote no orchestral music. Verily the Citizen man is a brilliant critic.

It is with great regret that I announce the death—which occurred a few days ago—of Edmund Remack, a well-known and able journalist. He had for some time been editor of the N. Y. *Abend Zeitung*, and had contributed largely to other journals both here and in Europe. His musical criticisms were always carefully and impartially written, and were exceedingly accurate and able. As a man he was beloved by a large circle of friends, to whom he had endeared himself by the unflinching geniality and admirable social qualities which were in a marked degree his characteristics. By them and by the writer of these lines, who knew him intimately in another country, his loss will be sincerely mourned. Mr. R. was about 35 years of age, and the immediate cause of his demise was physical exhaustion brought on by excessive literary labor.

It is announced that Pike's Opera House has been sold to the Erie R. R. Co. for the trifling sum of \$850,000. If this be indeed true, the days of Opera Bouffe are numbered, as far as that locality is concerned, and Mr. Bateman will be compelled to pitch his tent elsewhere. Just now, however, he shows no intention of leaving, and "*La Belle Helene*," which has been brought out with great splendor, is having a fine run. As you may be aware, another of Offenbach's operas, "*Genevieve de Brabant*," is in full blast at the Theatre Français, while Italian opera is as dead as a door nail, and our "Academy of Music" stands a desolate looking monument to the folly of the stockholders. It is currently reported that Max Strakosch means to try his hand there at a short season with Mme. La Grange, Miss Kellogg, Miss McCulloch, Mrs. States, Brignoli and Antonucci, so that Irving Place will be galvanized into life for a short time.

Mr. F. L. Ritter, our well-known composer, is to give a concert in Steinway Hall on the evening of Nov. 26th. The programme will be chiefly composed of his own productions and will include the Symphony which was played at our Musical Festival last Spring and which made such a favorable impression in musical circles here.

Nov. 16.—It seems that rumor had misstated the name of the manager of the short season of Italian Opera which will commence this evening. Max Martetzek—that old musical war horse—is the man, and not Strax Makosch, as Mr. Hopkins's paper calls him. The season opens with "*Il Trovatore*" this evening, to be followed by "*Fidelio*" on Tuesday, and "*Robert le Diable*" on Wednesday. Mme. La Grange, Brignoli, and Mme. States are to be principal stars, while there are whispers of Miss Kellogg later in the week. Seven performances will constitute the campaign.

Mr. Theo. Thomas commences his Symphony Soirées on Dec. 12th. Last winter these Soirées were given at a loss, I am told, of something like \$500.

"Oh it is pitiful,  
In a whole city full  
Taste there is none."

Or at least there is not enough to enable Mr. T. to pay his expenses. Notwithstanding this fact, he goes nobly on in his good work and merits the thanks and money of all lovers of true Art.

Mr. J. E. Haner, assisted by Mme. La Grange, W. J. Hill, G. W. Morgan, Mr. Eben and Mr. Colby, gave a concert on Thursday evening, in Steinway Hall. Mr. H. is an "American pianist" who has been studying in Europe for some years.

Mr. H. was afflicted with that peculiar condition of nervousness technically known as "stage fright," and consequently did not, probably, do himself justice. He has some ability, and with several years of thorough practice might achieve notable results. As it is, however, his playing is somewhat crude and heavy, and his touch is not excellent. Mr. Haner played two compositions, which exhibited no particular originality, and it is manifest that composition is not his forte. The assisting artists added somewhat to the interest of the concert, and Mr. Morgan, of course, gave us the inevitable "Wm. Tell."

The Arion Society gave a capital entertainment at the same hall on Saturday. I quote the principal numbers of the excellent programme:

Ouverture, Medea.....Bargiel.  
Allegro de Concert.....Bazini.  
W. Kopta.  
23d Psalm.....F. Schubert.  
Polonaise, op. 22.....Chopin.  
S. B. Mills.

Ouverture, Leonore.....Beethoven.

Mr. Kopta played the attractive Allegro in a very easy, fluent style and his double note passages were artistically done. His tone is, unfortunately, a little thin, but his execution and expression are artistic and praiseworthy.

Mr. Mills was at his best in the superb Polonaise,



and his charming treatment of the Andante Spianato was most enjoyable; just enough abandon, just enough expression, everything accurately balanced, and the whole ably executed. I have never heard the Andante so well played, and I desire to record the fact that Mr. M's playing moved me for almost the first time. My head almost always admires his ability, but my heart is rarely touched. The Chopin Polonaise was played by Mr. Mills—not Mr. Mills played the Chopin Polonaise. Mr. M's individuality was—as it should have been—subordinate to that of the composer.

The orchestra played fairly, except in the short prelude to the Polonaise, and that was shocking. F.

## Music Abroad.

### Music in Leipsic.

THE GEWANDHAUS CONCERTS—THE SINGERS AND CONDUCTORS—NEW WORKS—THE MUSIC HALLS, &c.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

LEIPSIK, October 12, 1868.

The event of the last week in musical circles was the opening of the Gewandhaus concerts. It seems needless to say anything in praise of an orchestra whose reputation is already world-wide. To say that every piece was rendered with a precision and delicacy which left nothing to be wished for, will give to one who was not so fortunate as to be a listener but a slight idea of the wonderful beauty of the whole performance. The infinite exactness and variety of shading of the violins far exceeded anything that I had imagined possible—partly owing, I am told, to the fact that the leader was Concertmeister David, whose presence has a wonderful influence over the violinists.

The concert opened with Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon." This master, though belonging undoubtedly to the old school of music, will be one of the last to be put in the shade to make room for younger ones. All true lovers of the art will always rejoice in his sound, pure style, as did Beethoven himself in his time. The other orchestral piece was Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, which was loudly applauded, showing that he will ever be the favorite with an appreciating public. At different periods the tempo of this symphony were changed by the composer himself, so that much license is permitted as regards the rendering of it. The vivace of the first movement was played a trifle more slowly under Capellmeister Reinecke's direction than I have hitherto heard it, and I thought it was owing to this change that so many new beauties were revealed in a composition which I had always considered before as perfect.

Madame Peschka-Leutner delighted the audience with two arias that we seldom have the good fortune to hear: *Die stille Nacht entweicht*, from Spohr's "Faust;" and *Er geht; er hort mich nicht*, from Weber's "Sylvana." It seems to be rather than the unfinished text of these operas, than from want of beauty in the music, that they have never been favorites with the public. At its first production in Berlin, 1814, "Sylvana" failed to meet with any favor.

The text of "Faust" has little in common with Goethe's poem, except the mere names of the characters. The very trifling character of the libretto has somewhat blinded the Germans to the pleasing character of the music, and it is very seldom given.

Madame Leutner is a great favorite with the Leipzig opera going public, and they are already lamenting that she is so soon to be lost to them. It will be difficult to find in Germany another singer who unites so much artistic feeling with such perfect execution. She must have felt that she was gathering fresh laurels on Thursday evening, to take with her as mementoes of the appreciation of the public here, when she met with such a warm reception, and was so generously applauded and recalled at the Gewandhaus by probably the most critical audience in all Germany.

Concertmeister David, so long celebrated as leader, composer and virtuoso, and so intimately associated for years with Mendelssohn, treated us to two novelties, viz.: Concerto for violin, op. 26, by Max Bruch, and Concertstück for violin, op. 20, by Camille Saint Siens.

Max Bruch (Capellmeister at Sondershausen), though still very young, is acknowledged as one of the best composers in Germany, and his "Lorelei" and other works have awakened a lively interest

among artists here. In this concerto he shows an independence of conception, great clearness of expression and exquisite instrumentation. Although the composition of Saint Siens exhibits hardly as much talent as the concerto just spoken of, it is still full of fine harmonic combination, and artists here consider that he is destined to take a high rank as composer.

It is indeed a gratifying recognition of talent, that such a renowned artist as David considered the composition worthy of being brought out in the Gewandhaus. This building, which has been made famous by the concerts, was built in 1740, by Schmiedlein. It is always spoken of as the old Gewandhaus, but since living here, where so many buildings have been standing for four or five hundred years, this one seems to belong among the modern ones. It extends from the Neumarkt to the Universitäts street, and is four stories high; with its dingy black walls, and all the lower windows covered with iron grating, it might readily be mistaken for a prison, and certainly does not suggest anything connected with the fine arts. Nevertheless, the merchants conceived the idea of uniting the artistic with the practical, and built a little concert room in the upper part of it. The merchant Zemisch was the leader in establishing the concerts, which have been in existence since 1743, and have from the first been devoted principally to the production of heavy, [?] classical music. There was more enthusiasm with regard to these concerts, and for music in general, in Leipsic, under Mendelssohn's direction, than at any other time.

This hall will seat about six hundred persons, and two thousand more, at least, wish for the privilege of a seat, and wish in vain. These seats are held by families, and considered hereditary property, and are so zealously guarded by their owners that if a family give up their right to seats for a season the tickets still bear their name. Several reasons are alleged for the steady persistence with which the managers cling to this old hall, instead of building one that shall meet the demands of the community.

A friend tells me that they are unwilling to give up this hall, lest some other orchestra should take it, and with it the name of Gewandhaus, and the present orchestra lose a portion of its prestige. Another reason offered is, that in this hall the acoustic properties are so good; but certainly as skilful architects can be found now as lived a century ago.

These concerts are the fashionable reunions of Leipsic, and the ladies appear in full evening costume. Their toilettes would quite put in the shade those in the dress circle of our New York Academy.

Adjoining this hall, communicating through a small door, is an ante-room containing a hundred or more seats, where "we outsiders" are allowed to listen to this music without even a distant sight of the orchestra or the privileged audience, the little door being filled with the happy few who secured the pleasure of standing here by being present on the instant the doors were opened.

The audience listen with breathless attention. Such intense silence, so long continued, was remarkable. In spite of all the charms of life in Germany, it is very difficult to be always tolerant of the conservatism and lack of enterprise which exist here, and in this instance I almost lost my temper at the absence of comfort in the arrangements.

The Conservatorium building is connected with the Gewandhaus, and opens on the court. Lessons for the new year began on the 11th, and the students number one hundred and seventy. There have never been so many at any time since Mendelssohn founded the institution, in 1843. A new professor is added to the list for piano and harmony, Dr. Paul, an artist of very high position here. The vacancy occasioned by Hauptmann's death has never been regularly filled until now, when his classes are given to Richter.

The expense of living here is so much less than in America, that I am astonished more students of music do not seek this town. Besides the instructions offered, every opportunity is afforded for hearing the best music, and from time to time the most renowned artists, so that any one with the slightest aptitude for music cannot fail to profit by a sojourn here.

### London.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS. The Times (Oct. 31) gives the following report of the first five concerts:

That Mr. Manns's orchestra plays better than any other concert orchestra in England is by this time sufficiently notorious; and—allowing for the advantages the continual presence of the nucleus of it, that is to say, of the Crystal Palace orchestra proper, which may be heard practising symphonies, over-

tures, &c., every day of the week, indisputably gives him—the credit is mainly his.

Since writing about these concerts we have heard much that is old and good, with much that is new, if not uniformly good. We have heard, for example, the *Eroica*, perhaps, without excepting even the colossal "No. 9," the mightiest of Beethoven's symphonies; we have had the two movements from Schubert's projected Symphony in B minor (a Crystal Palace discovery), which the oftener they are given the more deep becomes the regret that a work so rich in promise should have been left unfinished; we have had the fiery overture which Mendelssohn wrote off, *currente calame*, for Victor Hugo's play of *Ruy Blas*, and the more delicate and finely-knit overture which (in 1833), displeased with an overture upon the same story by Conradin Kreutzer, he composed for the "Fair Melusine;" and we have had Beethoven's incomparable *Coriolan*—better fitted for the play of Shakespeare than for the *Traverspiel* of H. J. von Collin. These were among the old things that are good. Among the new things must be reckoned the music to the procession of the "Mastersingers," from Herr Wagner's "comic" opera, recently brought out at Munich; a concert-air ("The Sailor's Bride") by Herr Johannes Hagar, composer of an oratorio called *John the Baptist*, which created anything rather than a lively impression when introduced by Mr. Hullah, some eight years ago, at what was once "St. Martin's Hall;" one of the *entr'actes* from *Der König Manfred*, an opera composed by Herr Reinecke, actual director of the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipsic; a new part song ("Echoes") by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and yet another fragment from Mendelssohn's *Lorelei*, which was combined with the music already known (including the exquisite "Ave Maria!") from that unhappily incomplete opera. Mr. Sullivan's part-song, which is pleasing and unaffected, might have been better executed. The "Vintagers' chorus," from *Lorelei*, instinct with genuine melody and characteristic life, was unanimously called for again; and the result would have been even happier had it been possible to divide the singers into two departments on either side the orchestra, so as to realize the full antiphonal effect designed by the composer. It is consoling, by the way, to know that there exists from Mendelssohn's intended opera still another piece (a march and chorus) all but complete, for a speedy hearing of which we may safely look to those who direct musical matters at the Crystal Palace. The pieces we have enumerated were all included in the programmes of the second and third concerts; and from them we may single out, as in every way remarkable, the performances of Beethoven's *Eroica*, the two movements from Schubert's unfinished symphony, and the overture to *Coriolan*. The *Melusine* of Mendelssohn (perhaps the most difficult of all overtures to play with the requisite finish) we have heard still better given by the Crystal Palace orchestra. There was also singing, more or less attractive, by Mlle. Enquist, who did her utmost for Herr Hager's *scena*, Mme. Rudersdorff, who, though indulgence was asked for her on account of indisposition, gave great effect to the trying solos in *Lorelei*, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Nelson Varley—besides a very admirable performance of Ernst's *fantasia* on themes from Rossini's *Otello*, by our young and gifted English violinist, Mr. Carrodus.

The programme of the fourth concert, which, in spite of the unpropitious weather, drew a large audience on Saturday, was as follows:

Overture, "Le Nozze di Figaro".....	Mozart.
Symphony, No. 3, in E flat, Op. 97.....	Schumann.
Aria, "In diesen heiligen Hallen".....	Mozart.
Aria, "Robert le Diable".....	Meyerbeer.
Romanza, "Nulla da te bell' Angelo".....	Benedict.
Variations from Quartet in C.....	Haydn.
Lied, "Die beiden Grenadiere".....	Schumann.
Valse, "Nella calma," "Romeo and Juliet".....	Gounod.
Ballad, "The Pearl Diver".....	Frank Mori.
Overture, "Masaniello".....	Auber.

Though in all probability Mozart never heard his very genial and animated overture played so fast, it is no less probable that he never heard it played so well. Every delicate nuance—as the French express it more pointedly than we can—was attained to a wish; and the *crescendos*, that here and there confer so much piquancy upon certain passages, were managed in perfection. Indeed, if the Crystal Palace orchestra does anything in particular better than any other orchestra with which we are acquainted, it is the *crescendo*, or gradual increase from soft to loud, and the *diminuendo*, or gradual decrease from loud to soft. Of these peculiarities of execution, however, and more especially of the last, the overture of Mozart, (which was enthusiastically encoored, and, perforce, repeated) presents few examples when compared with the symphony of Schumann, which, as Mr. Manns causes it to be delivered, seems in a great degree made up of them. This extraordinary work, and extraordinary it is in every sense, was now heard

for the first time at the Crystal Palace, though by no means for the first time in England. It appears to us, in some respects, the best, and, in others, the least, admirable of the four symphonies which its aspiring composer gave to the art. The first movement ("Lebhaft")—or as the Italians say, "Vivace"—is, perhaps, on the whole, fuller of beautiful, yet only half-expressed ideas than any movement from his pen; the second ("Schr. mässig"), which, like the last, was meant by Schumann to assume a popular character, is—in spite of certain traits wherein the wish to do more than under the circumstances would be desirable becomes evident—as frank, straightforward, and clearly made out as such a movement ought to be; the slow movement in A flat that follows, and the "Feierlich," or religious fête music, inspired, as Schumann himself informs us, "by the grand ceremonial of the installation of the Archbishop as Cardinal in the Cathedral of Cologne," coming directly after, are much less to our taste, exhibiting, as they do, the last especially, that striving to be Beethoven, without the power to be anything like Beethoven, which is so frequent a characteristic of Schumann in his orchestral writings. In the finale we can see very little more than, to employ a homely simile, "much bruit and little fruit." Nevertheless, criticism set aside, all those who are minded to hear and judge impartially for themselves, are beholden to Mr. Manns for bringing forward this symphony by a master the opinions about whose deserts seem likely to differ perpetually, and for so truly careful and impressive a performance of it. To conclude—it was listened to with decorous attention from beginning to end, each movement finding its admirers and evoking applause more or less hearty, the second, which stands in the place of *Scherzo* and which we remember being encored at Signor Arditi's concerts, in the late Her Majesty's Theatre, bearing away the palm. The Symphony in E flat, as one of the maturest examples of its amiable composer's genius, should be heard again; and the sooner the better. The variations from Haydn's quartet, built upon the theme of the "Austrian Hymn," which tradition gives also to Haydn, was performed by all the string instruments of the orchestra. Although this and other movements from Haydn's quartets have been played after the same fashion at the famous Conservatoire concerts in Paris, we cannot think that the precedent is a good one, or one which it is advisable to accept and follow out at the Crystal Palace. Haydn never intended anything of the sort. Moreover, he wrote symphonies enough for the orchestra, not more than about a fourth of which have been heard from since his time; and to these it would be far better to have recourse. Besides, to be minutely critical, there are no double-basses in Haydn's quartets; and the addition of double-basses, the pitch of which is an octave lower than the violoncellos, appears to us unwarrantable liberty. Apart from these considerations, the execution was marvellously precise and finished, serving at any rate, to show that all the fiddles, big and little, in Mr. Manns's orchestra, are right good fiddles, capable of playing "solo" if required. The variations were loudly encored, and repeated from the beginning. Had Mr. Manns any special reason for putting Mozart immediately before and Haydn almost immediately after Schumann? It was hardly fair to Schumann.

At the 6th concert to-day, we are promised, among other things, Haydn's *Surprise* symphony, the overture to *Der Freischütz* and (first time) Ferdinand Hiller's Concert-overture in A, together with violin solos by Herr-Sternberg and Madame Osborn Williams. Meanwhile an entirely unknown Symphony by Schubert (No. 6, in C major) is in preparation, as an ante-Christmas *bonne bouche*.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 21, 1868.

### Rossini.

The greatest musical genius, and in his way the greatest composer, of modern Italy, has passed away at last. As a creative artist he has been dead a quarter of a century. During that time he has lived in Bologna and Paris, the theme of countless anecdotes, some true, some silly, some too good not to be true, an indolent voluptuary, pleased with himself, his fame, and full of *bon-homme* to all, flattered and himself a flatter-

er, genial and hospitable and charming no doubt, but never once in all his life, except perhaps in the first acts of *William Tell*, really in earnest. Next to Mozart, as clear an instance of spontaneous genius as ever lived. In wealth and beauty of melodic inspirations, in perennial freshness of invention and facility of work (except as it went against the grain of so indolent a nature), he was beyond comparison with any of the Italian opera writers who have come after him;—Bellini, in his more earnest, but more limited way, ranking the next. But with this sovereignty of talent he was still a trifler. No wonder Beethoven said of him, when his sensuous, seductive strains invaded Vienna: If his master had boxed his ears oftener, he might have made a great composer!

There has been one other great Italian composer in the present century,—Cherubini, who died, also in Paris, in 1842. With half the earnestness of Cherubini, what would not Rossini, with his far more fertile genius, have become! A significant thing of both of them is, that they were drawn more and more into the great serious, central current of German music. Cherubini was absorbed into it wholly; Rossini in his last opera, *Tell*, composed things worthy almost of Beethoven; and later, in his conversations with Ferdinand Hiller, reported by the latter, and translated some years since in this Journal, he not only deprecated the importance attached to his *Stabat Mater*, but gave in his allegiance fully to the *Di majores* of the tone-world, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, &c.; for he was frank and candid, as he could not help being appreciative.

—But we have not time now to pursue this theme. Does it not show how near great musical genius is to the heart of the world, that Rossini died last Saturday, and on Monday, thanks to the Atlantic Cable, every leading newspaper of America contained a biographical obituary! We give place to two of them; first from the *Philadelphia Bulletin*:

The greatest of the Italian musical composers, Gioacchino Rossini, died on Saturday last at his villa in Passy, near Paris. His health had been for some time declining, and his death was expected, owing to his great age. He was born at Pessaro, February 29th, 1792, so that he was nearly seventy-seven years old; though, as he could only calculate his birthday once in four years, he had the habit of playfully counting his years by the Leap Years. His parents were strolling musicians, and he began his musical career with them as a child, developing a fine ear and voice, which led to his being placed in the Lyceum of Bologna for a thorough musical education. The Abbe Mattei was his instructor there in composition. When only 16 years of age, a symphony and cantata, called *Il Pianto d'Armonia*, was played at Bologna; and two years later his first opera was produced at the San-Mosè Theatre in Venice. It was called *La Gambiale di Matrimonio*, was in only one act, and had but moderate success.

Several other operas afterwards appeared, but the first successful one was the *Inganno Felice*, produced when he was only twenty years old. He wrote many others in his youth, the most successful of which were *Tancredi* and *L'Italiana in Algeria* in 1813; and *Il Turco in Italia* in 1814. His other greatest operas were produced as follows: *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and *Otello*, 1816; *Cenerentola* and *La Gazza Ladra*, 1817; *Mosè in Egitto*, 1818; *La Donna del Lago*, 1819; *Maometto Secondo*, 1820; *Semiramide*, 1823; *Le Comte d'Orly*, 1828, and *Guillaume Tell*, 1829. The two last named were written for the Grand Opera of Paris, of which Rossini was made Director by Charles X. Since the production of *Guillaume Tell*, its author has written no operas, and the only important work he has given to the public is the *Stabat Mater*, produced in 1841. Some vocal pieces, including the exquisite hymns known as *La Foi*, *L'Espérance* and *La Charité*, and several rather unworthy compositions for state occasions in Paris, are all that

the genius of Rossini has vouchsafed to give to the world of late years.

Some of his earlier operas were written for the prima donna M<sup>lle</sup>. Colbrand, whom he afterward married. He separated from her, and after her death in 1845, Mme. Olympe Pelissier, who had lived with him as his wife, assumed his name. He has lived in Paris and Passy since 1825, sharing with the veteran French composer Auber (his senior by eight years), the homage of all the musical pilgrims to the French capital. His hospitality to true artists and his genial humor have been proverbial. He has seemed willing to let his reputation rest chiefly on his *Guillaume Tell*, his most elaborate work, in which there was a happy blending of the German and Italian styles. Its production was like the founding of a new school, of which Meyerbeer immediately became a zealous disciple. In latter years Gounod and others of the French composers have followed in the same style. It is understood that Rossini leaves many unpublished musical works, which may probably be given to the world by his executors. His death will doubtless be the occasion of many solemnities in Paris and in all parts of the world where his works are known.

There is too much truth, though, in the following from Mr. Dana's New York *Sun*:

He was a man of prodigious genius, a man also of prodigious indolence. God gave him the greatest talent vouchsafed to any lyric composer of this generation, and for thirty-eight years he has hid that talent and denied the world all fruits therefrom. He was a gourmand and a voluptuary. His years were spent in ministering to his own vanity and his own bodily comfort, mostly that of his palate. When he was young and poor he worked, never consecutively or faithfully, but mostly on emergencies. Having an opera to compose, and six weeks in which to compose it, he passed four of them in idleness, and then by the aid of his fertile genius did the work in the remaining two. His ideas flowed with an astonishing rapidity. He asked only for pen, paper, and a fit libretto, and, these before him, never hesitated for a moment as to what he should write. He would compose in bed, and so incredible was his laziness, and so great the fertility of his invention, that when a fine duet that he was writing, and had almost finished, slipped off the bed and beyond his reach, rather than get up for it, he took another sheet and composed another duet entirely different from the first. At the age of thirty-five, at the very crown of his life, and in the ripeness and fullness of his great powers, he suddenly broke off work, threw down his pen, and gave himself up to idleness and ease.

Up to this time he had composed thirty-eight operas and some minor works. Most of them have fallen into oblivion; the names only are remembered. The unpublished scores are in the libraries of the opera houses scattered over Italy.

The lack in Rossini's character was conscience. He was not only not conscientious in what he did, but he was not even serious for the most part. As the "Barber of Seville" called for neither conscientiousness nor seriousness, only for genius in musical composition, he was in it absolutely successful. It stands first and foremost of all the comic operas ever written. As the "Stabat Mater"—most touching, sad, and beautiful of the noble hymns of the Roman Church—called for deep solemnity of feeling, and a devotional and conscientious treatment in accordance with the religious feeling that pervades the words, and as Rossini had not these to give, we find the emotions of the Virgin Mother at the foot of the cross expressed in strains of meretricious beauty perfectly at variance with the spirit of the text. The Madonna is simply theatrical, a stage Madonna tricked out with half serious arias and concerted pieces. Rossini himself was ashamed subsequently of his own levity. We are not now denying the beauty of the music; that, of course, is beyond question. We refer to it simply to illustrate our conviction that the composer did not usually work seriously, or in a manner to entitle him to the highest place in the temple of fame, which, had he chosen, he might have won. Sometimes, however, he threw his real soul into the work. In "William Tell," his last opera, he fairly showed that great things were possible to him, and serious things. Alas for the lovers of music, and for his own reputation with posterity, that having once risen to this height he should have thrown himself down in supine sloth, and that the world should have at last to confess that in his death it met no loss.

### Music at Home.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS. A more worthy and impressive opening of another noble series (the fourth),



than the concert of Thursday Afternoon, Nov. 12, could hardly have been desired. Expectation, nourished and assured by three steadily improving seasons, was at the height. Very nearly 1500 season tickets to the ten concerts had been eagerly taken, to 1300 of last winter. All were punctually in their seats, and the Music Hall revealed few empty places. Nor does increase of numbers seem at all to let down or unsettle the tone of musical good behavior; it is still the best listening crowd that can be found; manners well up to concert pitch; "expressive silence" everywhere; less of coming in late, or shifting about, far less of going out early, than ever before; quality keeps up with quantity. On the other hand, the orchestra appeared in fuller proportions and in better trim. Organization has done its work there; a common pride and pleasure in the noble music animates them. There were just 62 instruments; 12 first violins, headed by Schultze, including the brothers Listemann—a great accession; 10 second violins; 9 violas; 6 violoncellos; 7 double basses; 18 wind instruments.

The very first strong chords of Beethoven's grand and really religious Overture, in C, op. 24, called the "Dedication of the House," made the rich sonority of the full orchestra felt at once. And throughout the concert the ensemble was satisfying beyond any past experience here except the great Festival in May. That overture, though written for the opening of a theatre, was truly a sublime and fit "inauguration" (we may use the abused word for once) of a season of concerts of so high an aim. The two excellent bassoons did their running passage near the beginning finely, and were not as usual quite obscured by the noonday blaze of trumpets; the horns and all the wind band, in their individualities, were as nice and true as one could hope; the violins keen, fine and searching, the middle strings warm and rich, the basses round and massive; the intentions of the music were in the main brought out significantly; both stately prelude, deep and tender places that recalled the *Leonora*, and finally the swift, emphatic, nervous Handelian fugue, in which all the voices work themselves up to a high pitch of enthusiasm. It was certainly creditable to the conductorship of Mr. EICHMANN, considering the very short time he had had to establish a fair understanding between himself and the musicians; against him was the want of routine and therefore some nervousness; but for him, manifest in this, and still more in the Symphony, a fine musical perception, a vitalizing earnestness and real feeling of the music.

We can truly say, and we believe it was the general feeling, that never before have we enjoyed the *Eroica* so keenly. For the first time, that only one of the Beethoven Symphonies really made its mark in Boston. The whole audience felt it, felt its unity and grandeur, felt the lift of its great thoughts and rhythm. The rendering was unequal, to be sure. In the finale of the *Marcia funebre*, despite the earnestly bespeaking gestures of the Conductor, some of the instruments balked and the soft, short chords were blurred. But the low multitudinous murmur of the Scherzo, exciting, as of crowds on the eve of a glorious revolution, and the breezy proclamation of the four horns in the Trio, told significantly. Best of all, the last movement, with its variations,—(we heard it likened to the dropping of a few seeds in the ground—the theme—and the springing up and spreading in the variations to a giant tree), was indeed superbly played.

After this stately introduction a short ten minutes rest, and then the radiant face and form of Miss ALICE TOPP, surer than she knew of an enthusiastic welcome, appeared upon the stage. The orchestra was hardly as happy in the accompaniment of Chopin's E-minor Concerto, as in the purely orchestral pieces,—short time for rehearsal was the only reason; but she played it wonderfully well; a little stiffly in the beginning perhaps, from nervousness, creditable to her musical feeling; but that soon wore off. The delicate Romance was exquisitely breathed upon the

the canvas, and that most bright, vivacious, piquant, thoroughly healthy Rondo finale was irresistible. Chopin is sometimes sickly, but not here; a glorious composition from first to last, so interesting at every point that you scarcely think of its swift, bewildering intricacies—thanks to the three fine renderings we have had of it within a twelve month!—The ever welcome Overture to *Oberon* closed the concert with great spirit.

The second concert will be next Friday, Thursday being Thanksgiving. Then Mr. ZERRAHN will be welcomed back to his Conductor's post. He arrived home in time to be a pleased listener last time. The programme stands thus: Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony (second time in Boston); the great soprano Scena and Aria from "Fidelio," in which Miss ANNA S. WHITTEN will make her first public appearance since her studies abroad; Sterndale Bennett's Overture: "The Wood Nymph," the pendant to his "Naiads," (first time).—Part II. Haydn's Military Symphony (first time here for many years); Songs by Mozart and Mendelssohn; Weber's "Jubilee" overture.

The two KELLOGG Concerts, a fortnight ago, were personal ovations, for the young prima donna always had her host of admirers, here as elsewhere, and the reports of her successes in the London operas have lifted her, we dare not guess how high, in their imagination. We heard the first concert, which had all the faults of concerts in which the person passes for all, the music for a secondary matter. That is, it was of medley composition (aggregation, rather); there were intolerable waitings and delays in it, and still more intolerable encores; and there were things given in answer to encores, which savored of clap-trap and courting of cheap adulation. "Sweet Home," for instance, might do, rarely, for a great Queen of Song to indulge an audience with; for an absolute sovereign can condescend to such familiarity with the dear people, just as the Russian serfs might call their Empress *Mütterchen* (to use the German of Janauschek's play); but it does sound affected in anybody less; though in this case it was simply and well sung. And that kissing song, where the little lips went out and about to all the audience, was in bad taste.

Miss Kellogg returns to us the same as ever, only a little healthier in appearance; with the air of self-consciousness exaggerated and with elaborate conformity in make-up to the last bad extremity of fashion, which to an artist should be vulgar. The sprightliness of manner, the thousand little personal appeals and coquetties, charming to many, are still hers. The voice too is essentially the same, only less worn than when we heard her last, and her execution facile, finished, graceful as of old, perhaps even more so. She is full of cleverness, no one can question; a very accomplished singer, though it does not seem to be in her nature ever to become a great one. Her best effort that evening was Mozart's "*Voi che sapete*." The duet from Ambrose Thomas's "Hamlet," with the baritone, Sig. PETRILLI, was interesting, and the *Romeo and Juliet* waltz of Gounod brilliant and decidedly in character.

Refreshingly natural and charming, both in dress and look and manner, was the appearance of Miss TOPP, who played two things by Liszt: his *Etude* on Paganini's *Campanella*, (with the "*Gnomon-reigen*" for encore,) and the first Hungarian Rhapsody, as she only plays them. Herr WENZEL KOPTA showed himself a very skilful virtuoso of the violin, in pieces by Vieuxtemps and Paganini; tone fine and slender, but pure; execution rapid; fond of extravagances. Herr LOTTI, with sweet, small German tenor voice, sang *Adelaide* tastefully, only too slow in the last part, besides a song and duet from *Martha*. Sig. PETRILLI is a fair baritone. The concert closed with the familiar trio from Verdi's *Attila*.

Miss Kellogg returns, with the same assistants, to give two more concerts in the Music Hall, to-night and to-morrow night.

ORATORIO begins next week. In successive days after the Symphony Concert, we are to have *Judas Maccabæus* on Saturday evening, and *Elijah* on Sunday. Mr. ZERRAHN is on hand to conduct, and the Handel and Haydn chorus is strong in numbers, full of zeal, and has been well drilled by Mr. LANG, who will be at the Organ. Several new singers will lend interest. In *Judas*, Miss ANNA GRANGER, who di-

vides the soprano solo with Miss HOUSTON, Mrs. C. A. BARRY (formerly Mrs. Cary), takes the contralto, Mr. JAMES WHITNEY the tenor, and Mr. H. WILDE (new comparatively) the bass. In *Elijah*, besides Miss Houston, Miss L. M. GATES will make a first appearance as soprano; contralto, Mrs. Barry; tenor, Mr. Wm. J. WINCH, who is said to have greatly improved; basses, Mr. J. F. WINCH, for the first time as *Elijah*, and Mr. H. Wilde. A full orchestra of course.

Mrs. ROBB, whose card appears in this paper, is an English lady of character and culture, the widow of a distinguished professor and man of science in New Brunswick. She brings unquestioned references, and we trust will readily find occupation both as an organist in some church, being trained in the English service, and as a teacher of the piano-forte.

BALTIMORE.—The Messrs. Chickering & Sons, with characteristic liberality and zeal for musical culture, have presented one of their noble Grand Pianos to the "Academy of Music of the Peabody Institute of the city of Baltimore,"—the new institution over which our townsman, Mr. Southard, has been called to preside. The *Baltimore American* which publishes the correspondence between the Messrs. Chickering and the Trustees of the Academy, also speaks well of the progress which Mr. Southard has already made in drilling an orchestra for the winter concerts.

PHILADELPHIA.—We have already alluded to the awakening interest in classical music in the old Quaker city. Not content with all those fine Chamber Concerts, and the Orchestral entertainments half classical, half popular, the music lovers there have set to work in earnest to establish something solid and permanent, like our own Symphony Concerts. The *Bulletin* says:

We have alluded already to the fact that a movement was on foot to establish a Philharmonic Society in this city, and we are glad to announce that the efforts of our best musicians in this direction have been crowned with success.

The Philharmonic Society has been inaugurated in accordance with the oft expressed wishes of leading connoisseurs and professors, for the establishment of a Musical Association similar to that of the same name in New York and London. Its primary object will be the dissemination of pure taste, through stated performances of the very highest order of compositions, vocal and instrumental; nor will its efforts for the elevation of Philadelphia's musical prestige ever be relaxed. It is proposed to furnish the public with four concerts at the Academy of Music, and three rehearsals before each concert at Horticultural Hall, with a highly drilled and well-appointed orchestra of not less than fifty each season, on the terms elsewhere set forth; and to intersperse the concerted music with brilliant solos by first class artists, both vocal and instrumental.

The first concert will be given on the evening of Saturday, January 16, 1869, with the following programme:

Symphony in A.	Op. 67.	Four movements.	Beethoven.
Orchestra.			
Overture, "Lurline"			W. V. Wallace.
Concerto, Violin.	Op. 64.	E minor.	(Three movements.)
Orchestral Accompaniment.			Mendelssohn.
Mrs. Camilla Uro.			
Concerto, Piano.	Op. 21.	F minor.	Larghetto and allegro vivace.
(Orchestral Accompaniment.)			Chopin.
Mr. C. H. Jarvis.			
Overture, "Jubilee"			Von Weber.
Conductor, Mr. W. G. Dietrich.			

The first Public Rehearsal will take place on Friday, January 1st, 1869, at 3 o'clock, P. M. at Horticultural Hall.

The following gentlemen are officers of the society, Chas. R. Dodworth, President; V. Von Arnburg, Vice-President; Ludwig A. Tschirner, Treas.; C. A. Braun, Librarian. Directors—Charles H. Jarvis, M. H. Cross, H. L. Albrecht, Carl Wolfsohn, G. Mueller, C. Plagemann.

The third orchestral matinee of Messrs. Sentz & Hassler gave the Philadelphians a first hearing of Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," who appear to have received it with indiscriminate, unbounded admiration, and are calling for a repetition. It was preceded by Mehul's overture to *Joseph*; Ernst's *Elegie*, played by W. Stoll, Jr.; and a Serenade for Horn and Flute obligato. The two movements of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony in B minor called forth equal enthusiasm in a preceding concert. Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony was the great feature of the fourth matinee; followed by a Strauss Waltz, a flambeau dance and march, and the debut of a violoncellist, of which the *Bulletin* says:

The most attractive of these afterpieces was the violoncello solo by Mr. Rudolph Hennig, who made his debut in Philadelphia at this concert. Mr. Hennig played with most exquisite grace and feeling, and established himself at once in the favor of his audience. He is destined to be very popular, and he richly deserves to be. He certainly is without an equal in this city now, and we question if he has ever had a superior among our resident musicians. His playing is characterized by breadth and strength of tone, by unusual power of expression, by delicacy and pathos, and by a depth of passionate feeling which belong only to a genuine, devoted artist. Mr. Hennig will play at Mr. Wolfsohn's concerts during the winter.

Another of these matinees began with Haydn's "Surprise Symphony," but, as if alarmed at its own boldness, proceeded to fling sops to Cerberus in the shape of a Cornet solo, a quadrille from *La Grande Duchesse*, (1), &c.

NEW YORK.—The Philharmonic Society gave its first public rehearsal on the 13th inst., when Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 "Eroica," Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique," and Gade's overture "Hamlet," were performed—the latter for the first time in America.

During the coming season six concerts will be given, each preceded by the usual three preliminary public rehearsals. The following orchestral works will be performed under the direction of Mr. Bergmann.

## SYMPHONIES.

- No. 1 in C..... Beethoven.  
No. 3 "Eroica," E flat..... Beethoven.  
Symphony, E b..... Haydn.  
No. 5 "Reformation in D"..... Mendelssohn.  
(First time by the Society).  
No. 4, D minor..... Schumann.  
Two parts from unfinished Symphony..... Schubert.  
(First time by the Society).

## SYMPHONIC POEMS.

- "On the Mountain" (First time in America)..... Liszt.  
"Idéal" (First time by the Society)..... Liszt.  
Two parts from "Symphonie Fantastique"..... Berlioz.  
The whole Music with Choruses and Declaration to "Manfred" (first time)..... Schumann.

## OVERTURES.

- "Hamlet" (first time in America)..... Gade.  
"Semiramide" (first time in America)..... Catell.  
"Iphigenia"..... Gluck.  
"Lenore," No. 8..... Beethoven.  
"Faust"..... Wagner.  
Concerto No. 2, in A (first time in America)..... Hiller.  
"Melusine"..... Mendelssohn.  
Three parts from "Suite"..... Bach.  
(First time by the Society).

The following eminent artists have expressed their willingness to assist at the different concerts: Mme. LaGrange, Mme. Parepa Rosa, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Mme. Urso, Herr Ole Bull and Mr. S. B. Mills.

Mr. Edwin Booth, the distinguished tragedian, has consented to deliver the soliloquy of "Manfred," from Byron's poem, and the choral parts will be performed by the Liederkreis Society.

For the rest, it would seem that Offenbach has it all his own way in New York; this last vulgar fashion not only kills the chances of true opera, but keeps all other music in abeyance. Thus, the *Evening Post* says:

It is confessed in musical circles that the season just opened will hardly be as brilliant as some of its predecessors. The givers of concerts are timid and dubious. Facts prove that the public prefers the glittering gaiety of the Opera Bouffe to the more sedate attractions of the concert room. The engagement books of the leading halls show that they are not in as much demand this winter as usual.

Of the concerts that are announced a majority are by local musicians and musical professors, who will, to a great extent, depend for patronage upon their personal friends. They offer programmes, however, which ought to be attractive to the general public. At Mr. Haner's concert at Steinway Hall, this evening, for instance, Mme. La Grange and Mr. W. J. Hill will sing, Mr. Kopta will play the violin, and Mr. Morgan will play the organ, besides the pianoforte performances of the beneficiary.

On Saturday night the Arion Vocal Society will give their annual concert at Steinway Hall, with their full chorus and an orchestra of sixty, under Carl Bergmann. Mr. Candidus, the solo tenor of the society, will sing several selections which, to the musician, will be interesting from their immense difficulty. Kopta will be the solo violinist and Mills the pianist.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 18th, there will be a concert at Steinway Hall, for the debut of Miss Henrietta Markstein, a little girl pianist of whose

precocious skill marvellous stories are told. She will be supported by other performers of ability.

Next Sunday night Ignatz Pollak, a baritone who has been frequently heard in the concert room, will give a concert at Steinway's, where, indeed, all the musical entertainments of note—excepting the Philharmonic Concerts—will take place. He has secured the assistance of Gazzaniga to sing, Urso to play the violin, and Hendrichs, the German tragedian, to give recitations. The combination is a good one, and will probably bring out our Teuton citizens in large force.

A concert is talked of for the evening of the 21st, for the benefit of the family of the late Edmund Remack. Theodore Thomas gave a concert last night, with two orchestras, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music; and announces a similar concert in Newark next Tuesday night.

It is expected that the Harmonic Society will give the usual Christmas performance of the "Messiah" this year, though no special arrangements have yet been made. Brooklyn is soon to have, at its Academy of Music, a performance of the "Creation." Miss Brainerd, Mr. Simpson and J. R. Thomas having been engaged as the leading singers.

As yet Mr. Harrison has made no announcements as to the expected series of oratorio performances at Steinway Hall; but probably later in the season the Harrisonian oracle will speak. In the meantime, there are signs of renewed vitality in the two leading choral societies of this city—the Harmonic and the Mendelssohn; but there is no apparent possibility of the fusion of these two respectable but limited associations into one choral society which would be worthy of the metropolis.

Mr. Maretzek's plans for a brief opera season of one short week would lead a foreign reader to suppose that New York was a provincial town, only occasionally visited by operatic artists. His company, with the exception of the prima donna Cellini, whose name is new to us, shows an array of familiar lyric performers, who will attract audiences through their merits rather than their novelty. It is rumored that if Miss Kellogg joins the troupe the season will be prolonged, and that Auber's latest opera, "Un Jour de Bonheur," will be produced, together with something new from Flotow's pen. Next week Verdi, Beethoven and Meyerbeer will be the reigning composers, and as opera will be given on alternate nights in Italian and German, all tastes ought to be gratified. Mrs. States, whose powerful voice attracted favorable comment during the opening season at Pike's Opera House, will now be heard for the first time in the Academy of Music. Orlandini takes the place of first baritone, so long and satisfactorily held here by Signor Bellini. Hermanns is the best basso in Maretzek's troupe, and it would be unreasonable to ask for a better. We wish for Maretzek every possible victory in his forthcoming skirmish on his old battlefield.

In the line of French Bouffe there is little to say that is new. At the French Theatre Mr. Grau finds that "Genevieve" is drawing crowded houses, and that among his singers who have been less widely noticed than the leading names, Mme. Guerretti is attracting special attention, from the purity of her vocal style and the charming quality of her voice. This lady is the wife of Alard the violinist, and is a treasure that adds greatly to the success of "Genevieve." The serenade of the first act, *En passant sous le fenetre*, has become a popular melodic favorite, and, with the hunters' quartet and the Tyrolean trio, is the most admired portion of the opera.

Mr. Bateman's troupe are giving this week the "Belle Helene" at Pike's Opera House, Tostee nightly securing a double encore in the *Mari Sage*. Next week the "Barbe Bleue" will be revived, with Irma and Aujac in their original characters. Offenbach's "Perichole" is promised at this establishment. The opera house will remain intact, notwithstanding the change of proprietorship in the main building. Talking of opera bouffe, we may add here that the Worrell sisters expect soon to bring out an English version of "Barbe Bleue" at the New York Theatre.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS. The *Advertiser*, of our neighbor city, tells us, what hosts of musical friends of the beneficiary will be glad to know, that:

The Concert at Union Hall, last Friday evening, complimentary to Miss Noyes, the booker of Ditson, the music publisher, Boston, was a great success, the hall being crowded—the audience being composed principally of Bostonians—and the gentlemen and ladies whose names appeared on the programme rendered their parts in a satisfactory manner. The ladies who appeared were Miss Addie S. Ryan and Mrs. D. C. Hall, and Messrs. Barnabee, W. W. Davis, G. Gove, J. W. Cheeney, T. P. Ryder, and Professor Wallach.

## Special Notices.

## DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson &amp; Co.

## Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- The Pie Rondo. (C'est un páté). 3. G to a. "Genevieve." 40  
Pity me! (Bon ermite.) 3. G to g. " " 40  
The Ruddy Day awakes. (Tyrolienne). 3. G to a. 40  
"Genevieve." 40  
Fair Genevieve with auburn hair. (Couplets de la mèche. 3. F to f. "Genevieve." 30  
Duet of the two Men-at-arms. 3. F to g. " 30  
Beneath my ladies' window. 2. G to g. Serenade and duet. "Genevieve." 30  
Still from "Genevieve," which contains a large number of agreeable melodies. The Pie Rondo is one of the greatest favorites. The second is the comical supplication to the Hermit of the Ravine. The third, a very spirited Tyrolean trio. The fourth, the curious tale of the change of color in the lady's pretty hair. The fifth, the Men-at-arms duet, which is very good, and, in the opera, supremely funny, and the sixth the very favorite serenade, which cannot fail to please.  
The Nobbiest one at last. 3. D to e. Batchelder, 30  
The Ladies. Song and Cho. 2. F to f. Porter. 30  
Old Hats. 2. Eb to f. Pratt. 30  
Sweet Isabella. 2. D to e. Legbourne. 30  
Four songs of that kind which is very saleable, uniting a fair amount of wit and humor with very whistle-able melodies. "The Nobbiest one" struts proudly through his little piece. Not so the heart-broken vendor of old hats, who lost both his love and his money, as did the suitor of fair Isabella, who sings his woes in double rhyme. "The Ladies" is a graceful effusion on a well worn, but still always attractive subject.  
Come into the garden, Maud. 3. Bb to f. Miss Lindsay. 40  
Tennyson's sweet words with equally sweet music. Let this brow on thy bosom reclining. 3. Bb to g. F. H. Jenks. 35  
Sentimental and pleasing.  
Lo, I am with you always. 3. Ab to a flat. Blake. 35  
A solo, duet, and quartet, with beautiful words, and is a sweet, consoling sacred piece.  
I wouldn't if I could. 2. C to f. Pratt. 30  
Quite a bright little thing, and will please.

## Instrumental.

- Wild Wave Quickstep. 2. Eb. Adams. 30  
Spirited and dashing, like a wave.  
Gondellied. 3. A. Spindler. 35  
Has the crisp elegance characteristic of the composition.  
Gendarmes Polka. 3. G. "Genevieve." Arr. by Knight. 30  
Drogan Schottische. 30  
Contain a few bright airs from the Opera, which seems to be made up in a great measure of dancing tunes set to music.  
Revue Melodique. Zampna. 4 hds. 4. Beyer. 75  
Good arrangement from a melodious opera.  
Potpourri. Don Giovanni. 4. Wels. 75  
A capital arrangement.  
Moonlight. Polka Redowa. 3. Ab. Wellman. 35  
Pretty music. Pretty title.  
Oberon. Fant. Brillante. Op. 86. 5. C. Leybach. 75  
Very graceful, with plenty of cadenzas, light allegros, &c.  
Grand Duchesse Quickstep. For Brass Bands. 1.00  
Well-known favorite.  
Flying Trapeze. For Brass Bands. 1.00  
Very popular.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



